

MAD MEN.

HORNET IN THE CHARACTER OF MARK TWAIN

HILL NYE OF THE BOOMERANG GOES FOR DUKE DE McCAFFERTY.

A PLEA FAVORABLE TO PULLMAN'S CONDUCTORS AS A CLASS.

A few days since the telegraph announced the fact that five dogs were killed in Jersey city within three hours of each other, and that three children were bitten—in perusing our exchanges yesterday we found that Bill Nye of the Boomerang was as mad as a hornet. Hornet it appears.

The Hon. Dehame Hornet.

Had a very unpleasant experience lately. Mark Twain was advertised to lecture in the town of Gloucester, but for some reason failed to get around. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made, that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled expecting to listen to the celebrated innocent. Nobody in the town knew Mark, or had ever heard him lecture, and they had got the notion that he was funny and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those on the platform, except the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain and so when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew

Mark Twain was a Son de Plume.

And supposed his real name was Hornet. The announcement is thus told: Mr. Hornet first remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman in a whisper if he was all right, and got "yes" for answer. He couldn't understand it, but went on. "It breaks up happy homes!"—still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to death and hell!"—a perfect roar and applause. Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were guying him, but he proceeded—"we must crush the serpent!"—a tremendous howl of laughter. Hornet couldn't stand it. "What I am saying is gospel truth!" he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth. Hornet turned

To a Man on the Stage

And said: "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, ha ha, it's intensely funny—ha ha ha! Go on!" cried the roaring man. "This is an insult!" cried Hornet, dancing wildly about. More laughter and cries of "Go on, Twain!" And then the chairman got the idea of the thing, and rose up and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly quit laughing blushed very red, and the folks in the audience looked at each other in a mighty sheepish way, and they quit laughing too. And then Mr. Hornet, himself become thoroughly mad, and very plainly told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated by asses and idiots, and having said that, he left the hall. But we were coming to

The Bill Nye Story.

And give it in his words, from the Boomerang. Bill says: A fine-haired, pink cambric cuss, with the rich, Castilian name of McCafferty, has been over the Union Pacific railroad recently, and he didn't find things so nice as he had been accustomed to. He pours out his woes in the Omaha Bee, and says that the employees of the road are not gentlemen, and eat with their hats on, and was very mad indeed. Probably Mr. McCafferty was never away from home before. No doubt his mother don't know he is out. He says that "none but gentlemen should have charge of passenger trains." That is true in some cases. If the traveling public averaged up as well as we do when we travel, then none but gentlemen should

have charge of passenger trains, but when the company kindly offer to ship a car

Lord of Hogs in a Pullman Car.

There ought to be a Texas drover with a prod-pole to take charge of it. The Count D'McCafferty don't want to sit at the table with a conductor who eats with his hat on. Well, ding burst it; the conductors didn't used to eat with their hats on, anyway, until the tourists got to stealing the hats of train men and the latter had to protect themselves some way. A conductor isn't able to buy a plug hat every trip, and then have it stolen by

A Snoreer From New Jersey.

Course not. Their salaries are not large enough. We are acquainted with many of the employes of this road, and they are gentlemen. If there is an employe on the road who isn't a gentleman, and the Duke De McCafferty will let us know who he is, we will discharge him, we don't care if its the president of the road. There are lots of men who travel, and who are like Mr. McCafferty. They

Don't Have Back at Home.

And when they travel they want to make up for the starvation they will have to endure when they get back. As a rule, when a man wants the porter to come and tuck him into bed every night, and fan him, and lull him to sleep with some plaintive melody, you can bet that that man, when he is at home, sleeps in a hay mow with a cellar door over him. If he complains about the food and

Swears at the Waiters.

It is safe to say that when he is clustered around his own festive board, he fills himself up with bailed hay and bran mash, and wipes his nose on the table cloth. You ought to see us when we travel. We are wreathed in smiles all the time, no matter what happens. We buy everything that the news agent has to sell, green apples, worms, everything, and

We Never Recline as Some Do.

We break forth into melodious song sometimes, and then the people go forward into the smoking car, or madly throw themselves from the moving train. It is always best to be chipper and gay when you travel. If a fellow-passenger snores loudly and disturbs you, go and bang him across the snout with a valise, laughing merrily all the time.

Don't Mourn and Complain.

And make everybody wretched and unhappy, nor rush madly into print, but go and soak your head and reduce the swelling, and have some little degree of sense. That's the safe way to do. Don't give yourself dead away, as Stewart's body did; but keep still and see how other people behave, and try to learn all you can, so that some day you will have the requisite ability to whack a bull team at \$30 per month.

A True Story.

We knew it was mean, but we couldn't help it. A friend dropped into our sanctum with a small paper sack full of fresh roasted pea-nuts. We have a fondness for fresh roasted pea-nuts, and eyed the sack—it was too small for both of us—so we handed out the following story for our friend to peruse: "Two snakes, one a black runner, the other a black viper, each about three feet long, were in the swamp back of the west Maryland depot, at Mechanicstown, in the following predicament. The black snake had caught and began swallowing, tail first, the viper; the viper retreating, curved around and began to swallow the runner, tail first, and when found each had swallowed the other up to the head, there being nothing but two heads projecting from the mouth of the other." Our friend began to calculate how it was done, and finally came to the same conclusion which prompted Bill Nye to remark that the names of some of the most celebrated liars which history has ever known have been handed down to us, but the author of the above snake story is unknown. He said nary a word however, but walked off thoughtfully; a sadder and wiser man, when he discovered that we had swallowed all the pea-nuts.

—Lawyers briefs printed in fine style, at THE ASTORIAN office.

Our Jury System.

San Jose Mercury.

The recent trial of Killoch, the precious trials of Schroeder and Haskell, have brought our boasted jury system into disrepute among thinking people. The question is asked on all hands, how can we amend our laws and our jury system to afford protection to life and prevent any more such broad farces as the recent murder trial? Frank Pixley, in the Argonaut, makes some very sensible remarks: "If the jury system can not be abolished altogether and banished from the system of jurisprudence to which it is now become a cumbersome and useless clog; if in its place there can not be substituted the better arrangement of trial by judges in banc, a majority of whom shall decide all questions of law and fact, there may certainly be certain amendments to the existing laws that will work great reforms. The first to suggest itself is to eliminate from the present law that most stupid and insensate provision which demands that none but the ignorant shall sit in trial. 'Have you read the papers?' 'Have you heard of this case?' 'Have you any information regarding it?' 'Have you formed or expressed any opinion concerning it?' 'Are you an intelligent and well-informed man, and do you keep yourself posted on current events?' 'Do you form your opinion upon facts as you understand them, from unsworn and ex parte information?' 'If you do,' says the judge, 'you may stand aside.' 'Are you an idiot or dunderhead, an unthinking, an unreading, unintelligent ass?' 'Then,' says the judge, 'Mr. Sheriff you will swear this juror.' Swear him to try cases upon which hang property, life, liberty, and involving the fundamental principles upon which the government reposes." The tests for jurors as above set forth are not a particle over-stated or exaggerated. Honesty and intelligence are practically disqualifications for a juror. Dishonesty, ignorance and stupidity are absolutely necessary for a modern juror, especially in murder trials. This abuse of the jury system can only favor the guilty. If an innocent man is on trial for an alleged crime he wants the most intelligent jury possible. He wants men capable of sifting evidence, reading character, of reasoning about probable motives and from cause to effect. Innocence is best protected by shrewdly honest and intelligent jurors. A guilty party, however, wants a stupid lot of dolts who can be bamboozled into believing anything by his attorney. Let us then have intelligence as one of the qualifications for a juror, and let a vote of ten out of twelve convict in criminal cases, subject, of course, to review by courts of appeal.

Peruvian Bitters.

Cinchona Bitters.

The Count Cinchona was the Spanish Viceroy in Peru in 1630. The Countess, his wife, was prostrated by an intermittent fever, from which she was freed by the use of the native remedy, the Peruvian bark, or, as it was called in the language of the country, "Quinquina." Grateful for her recovery, on her return to Europe in 1632, she introduced the remedy in Spain, where it was known under various names, until Linnaeus called it Cinchona, in honor of the lady who had brought them that which was more precious than the gold of the Incas. To this day, after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, science has given us nothing to take its place. It effectually cures a morbid appetite for stimulants, by restoring the natural tone of the stomach. It attacks excessive love of liquor as it does a fever, and destroys both alike. The powerful tonic virtue of the Cinchona is preserved in the Peruvian Bitters, which are as effective against malarial fever to-day as they were in the days of the old Spanish Viceroy. We guarantee the ingredients of these bitters to be absolutely pure, and of the best known quality. A trial will satisfy you that this is the best bitter in the world. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; and we willingly abide this test. For sale by all druggists, grocers and liquor dealers. Order it.

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SPRING.

When I am weary and the spirit flags, I feel the life's struggle and too dull for prayer. One haven of delight is still mine own. All unassailed by care.

In that dear realm the fancy wanders free, And drinks unalloyed joy at every well; My years are lost in the eternal youth Of the sweet spell.

Too old for innocence, too young for rest, My troubled spirit wanders to thy feet, Beloved Spring!—with ever new delight, I feel thy heart's strong beat.

For ever new the radiance of thy smile, Thy tender waking out of sleep, how new! All else is changing that is not changed, But thou remainest true.

Breathe on my cheek for breath that death hath staid, And kiss my lips for lips that are no more, Or bring the fragrance of unending Spring From heaven's far shore.

And if in smirch cities' hazy air I stray, Thy fumes of beauty that a God commanded, Will bring— That somewhere I may know thou art on That some see spring!

BEAUTY SLEEPS.

Behold a snow-white lily stranded Upon the shore of sleep! The gold of tresses streaming over creamy hair, The ivory tinge of a grand dark face, Lips yielding sweets the pictured face demurely.

The crescent lids on cheeks of roses rest, A thoughtful brow like pearly shell up-borne, The undulation of her gentle breast.

Like snow the kisses of the wind has worn To lips that smile, the signals of her happy dream.

Drift of her mouth like softly dipping sails That stir the quiet of bright Indian streams, Her breath the air of those enchanted vales, Where spaced fruits and scented woods are laden.

One tiny foot like baby rabbit slip From snowy covert, and the curved arm Veined like the violet a wild bee sip.

Takes captive sense with a restless charm, Nay, all the Love and Graces are disbanded. —Springfield Republican.

THE SAUSAGE SECRET.

And the Value Put Upon It by an Expert.

San Francisco Chronicle, 19th.

Ludwig Lutz, a rotund German, brought suit yesterday in Justice Pennie's court against G. Bill, who runs a sausage factory on Sixth street, for \$7.50, as due remuneration for imparting a peculiar secret in the manufacture of the heterogeneous luxury. Lutz claimed \$5 a day for divulging the process, and claimed to have labored a day and a half in doing so.

"What kind of sausages were they?" inquired counsel.

The answer was composed of chopped-up, irreproducible syllables.

"What were they made of?" insisted the attorney.

"Don't you think I geef away mein peezness? Oh, no!" was the satirical reply.

"Cats and dogs, eh?" ironically suggested the opposition.

"Kats unt dogs! Oh, my!" ejaculated witness, holding up his hands in holy horror.

The question was objected to as irrelevant, and the process still remains a mystery. As it turned out, however, that Lutz had only worked a couple of hours out of the day and a half claimed, and his wife had got two weeks' free board in Bill's family, his Honor found for defendant.

Horse Education.

In something written we have an indistinct recollection of having made reference to a general disposition among boys in their teens, as well as boys of mature years, to enlighten and hone their minds with their profound knowledge of the horse and his history. Our books and newspapers are full of this kind of literature, and it varies in style from the production of the child at school, commencing with: The horse has four legs and a tail; up to the eloquent tribute of the scholar when he quotes from Job: That his neck is clothed with thunder and the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. Between these two extremes of the child at his first school composition, and the professional literature, we have every grade of pretention, and each professing to have mastered the whole subject. As we approach the close of this nineteenth century, we begin to look for something better in this department of knowledge from those who assume to instruct. And it is to be found in Kendall's Treatise on the horse, sent by mail to any person for twenty-five cents, postage paid. Apply to THE ASTORIAN office, or address D. C. Ireland, Astoria, Oregon.

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Table with 3 columns: Item, Price, and Quantity. Includes items like MENS CALF BOOTS FROM, MENS KIP BOOTS, ELASTIC GAITERS, BUCKLE SHOES, MENS SLIPPERS, BOYS BOOTS.

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